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HYMNS
FOR
WIGSTON MAGNA
CHURCH SCHOOL



147. g.

605.





HYMNS
WRITTEN FOR WIGSTON MAGNA
CHURCH SCHOOL.

HYMNS

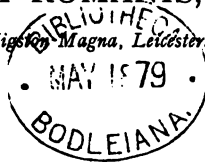
WRITTEN FOR WIGSTON MAGNA

CHURCH SCHOOL,

BY

WILLIAM ROMANIS, M.A.,

Vicar of Wigston Magna, Leicestershire.



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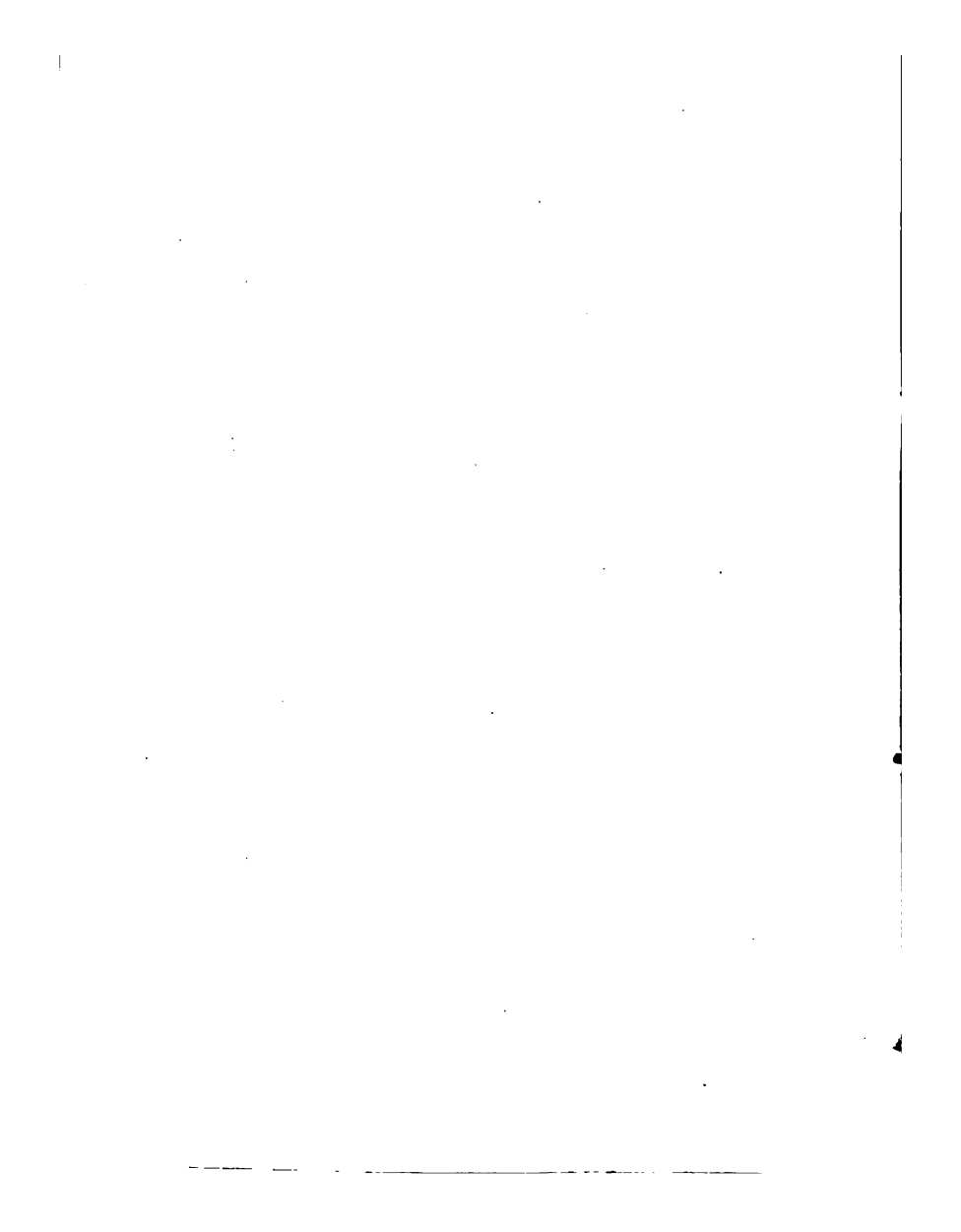
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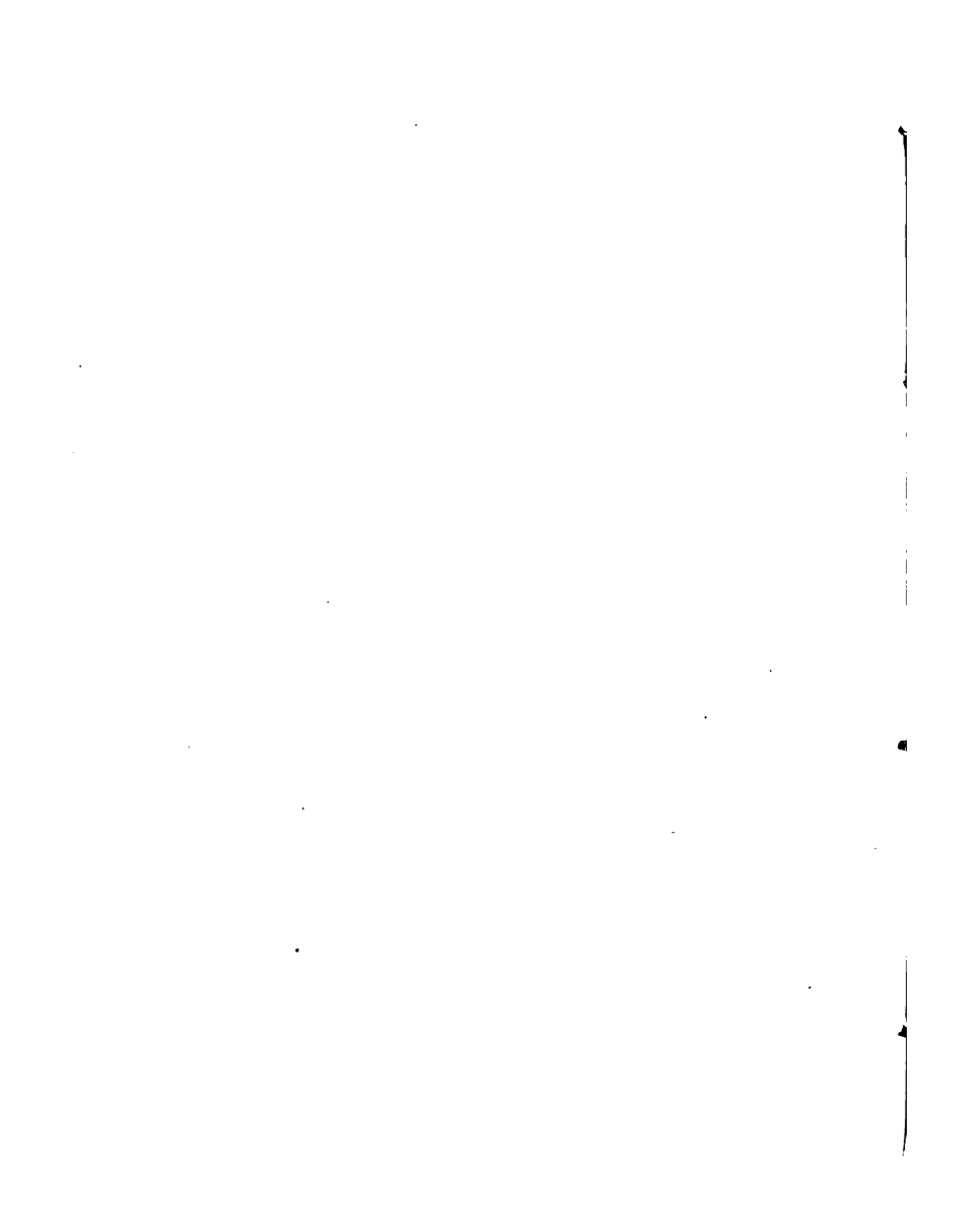
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1878.

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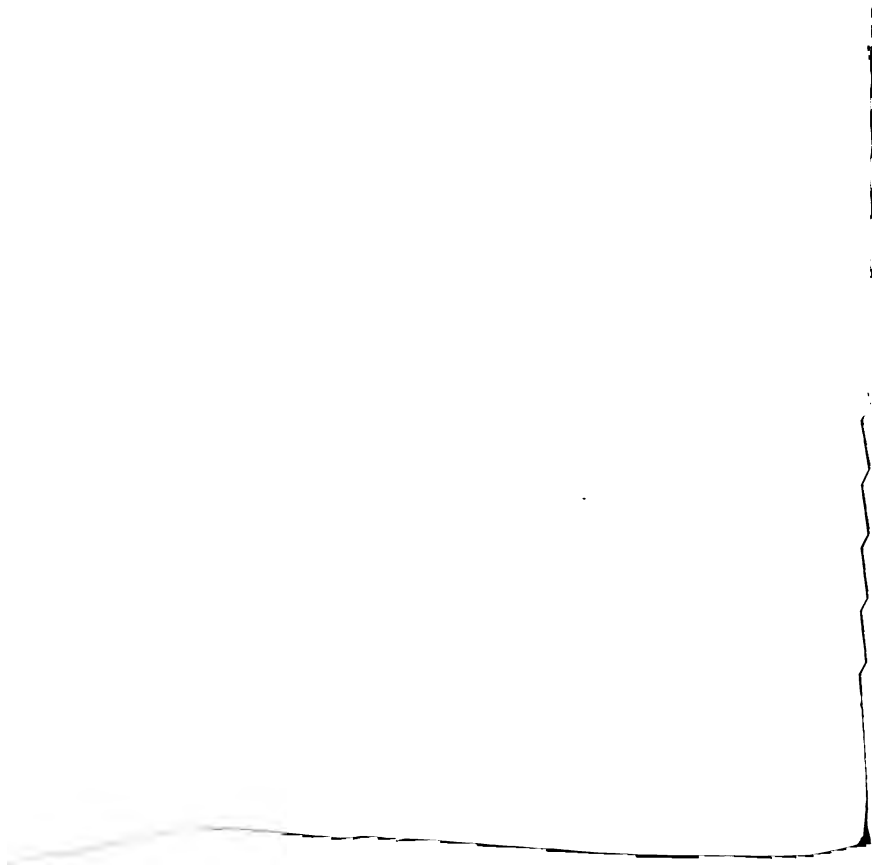
TO THE SCHOLARS PAST AND PRESENT
OF WIGSTON CHURCH SCHOOL,
THEIR TEACHERS AND PARENTS,
FOR WHOM THEY WERE WRITTEN,
AND TO
THE MEMORY OF THE BELOVED DEAD
WITH WHOM SOME OF THEM ARE SPECIALLY ASSOCIATED,
THESE LITTLE HYMNS
ARE DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

SOME of these hymns may be found to pass beyond the subjects supposed to be suitable to children. This has been in the hope of connecting early memories with later religious feeling. Those who may remember the words they sang in their school and sometimes with parents, teachers, and friends in Church, may see under the teachings of life the meaning of what was then obscure.

WIGSTON VICARAGE,
NOVEMBER, 1878.



HYMNS.

I.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—John xx. 29.

FATHER, we trust in Thee,
Thy promise to receive ;
We may not know, we cannot see,
Yet can the heart believe.

Father, Thy word is sure,
From Thee to earth it came ;
It faileth not, but shall endure
For evermore the same.

Father, Thou hast not left
Thy children all alone,
Of joy and blessedness bereft
By evil they have done.

Thou gav'st the Word, Thy Son,
Who in Thy bosom dwelt,
To be as any sinful one,
To feel what man hath felt.

Oh ! wherefore do we fear,
Now He, the Word, hath come ?
We are not now far off but near,
Near to our Father's home.

Oh! Love too deep to know!
Too blessed to conceive!
From heaven it calls to man below;
We hear it and believe.

Father, increase our faith,
Pour down on us Thy grace,
That we may trust what Jesus saith
Until we see His face.

II.

"Thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art
my trust from my youth."—Psalm lxxi. 5.

We hope for good gifts manifold,
To bless us while on earth we dwell;
'Tis Thine to give, delay, withhold,
O Lord, Thou doest all things well;
That we may truly blessed be,
O teach us, Lord, to hope in Thee.

We hope for love and kindly care,
Glad hearts, bright days, and free from fears;
Whatever childhood's blessings are,
The heritage of early years;
That we may happy children be,
O teach us, Lord, to hope in Thee.

We hope for growth in coming time,
To learn and labour manfully;
We hope for grace, our youthful prime
To keep unstained in purity;

That pure and strong our youth may be,
O teach us, Lord, to hope in Thee.

We hope that Thou all toil wilt bless,
That Thou wilt bid all sorrows cease ;
That Thou wilt cheer life's weariness,
And after conflict give us peace ;
That as our day our strength may be,
O teach us, Lord, to hope in Thee.

So when life's little day is past,
And flesh and heart alike do fail,
Our soul's true Anchor, sure and fast,
Shall enter in behind the veil ;
Youth, age, life, death, all blest shall be,
To those, O Lord, who hope in Thee.

III.

"God is love."—1 John iv. 8.

We sing our heavenly Father's Love,
That all things did create
In earth below or heaven above,
All creatures small and great.

We sing our dear Redeemer's Love,
That bare the cross of pain,
The burden of our sins to move,
And turn our loss to gain.

We sing the Holy Spirit's Love
To our unholy race,
That broodeth o'er us like a dove,
To shed abroad His grace.

We sing the Love of the Three in One,
Divine, eternal, strong,
That seeketh all, that faileth none,
Although It tarry long.

O Love of God, that dost not sit
In majesty alone,
But pourest forth Thyself, to knit
The hearts of men in one,

Be Thou the food whereon we feed,
Be Thou our root and ground,
That fruits of love in truth and deed
May in our lives abound.

IV.

"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three."—
1 Cor. xiii. 13.

FAITH and Hope and Love abide,
Comes an end to all beside,
Surely as the eventide
Closes in the day.

Faith and Hope and Love abide,
When the spirits purified
Unto Him who for them died
 Wing their heavenward way.

Faith and Hope and Love abide,
Oft by sin and sorrow tried,
Able yet to stem the tide,
 Stormy though it be.

Faith and Hope and Love abide
With the spirits glorified,
While the ages endless glide
 Through eternity.

Faith and Hope and Love abide
Through the darkness that shall hide
All the beauty, joy, and pride
 Fleshly eyes may see.

Faith and Hope and Love abide
With the Spirit and the Bride ;
Grant us these, our feet to guide,
 Jesus, home to Thee.

V.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."
—Mark x. 14.

Soon, Lord, we voyage forth,
 Launched on life's sea ;
Who shall the haven show,
 Where we would be ?

Thou, who Thy little ones
Pitying dost see ;
Thou, who art calling us,
"Come unto Me."

Dangers besetting us
Vainly we flee ;
Under the power of ill,
Helpless are we ;
Captives to sin and death
Who shall set free ?
Thou who art calling us,
"Come unto Me."

Dwelling with humble men,
Low in degree ;
Walking with weary feet
Through Galilee ;
Dewing with bloody sweat
Gethsemane ;
Taken by wicked hands,
Slain on the Tree :—

Thus by Thy Life and Death,
Love's own decree,
Sweetly Thou callest us.
"Come unto Me."
Conquered be every heart,
Bowed every knee,
Won by Thy mighty Love,
Jesu, to Thee !

VI.

"O God who art the Author of peace and lover
of concord."

POUR down thy Spirit from above
And bid all strife and discord cease,
Join heart to heart in mutual love,
Oh reign among us, Prince of Peace.

If in the souls where love should be
Arise the storm of fierce self-will,
Calm thou that troubled angry sea,
Speak to the tempest, Peace, be still.

If rude reproach be o'er us flung
And slander wound as with a sword,
Rule thou the unruly answering tongue,
And silence every vengeful word.

Whene'er in this wild world we meet
Unkindly deeds that anger move,
Teach us forgiveness,—triumph sweet,
To conquer evil will with love!

In every land, in every home,
In every heart let love increase;
Let love proclaim Thy kingdom come,
Oh reign among us, Prince of Peace.

VII.

"In knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life."

LIFE eternal is knowing
Thee who only art true,
Thee who ever art showing
Thyself to our view
In Thy Word
Christ the Lord.

Life eternal is seeing,
Though Thou dwellest on high,
Thee the Source of our being,
To each of us nigh
In Thy Word
Christ the Lord!

Life eternal is hearing
Heaven's own speech to the heart,
Guiding, comforting, cheering,
When earth's joys depart,
In Thy Word
Christ the Lord.

Life eternal is loving
Thee who lovest us all,
Thee who all things art moving
To Love's heavenly call
In Thy Word
Christ the Lord.

VIII.

"Whose service is perfect freedom."

BRETHREN, now no longer
Slaves of sin are we :
Sin is strong, but stronger
Love Divine shall be.
Christ the Lord hath sought us,
Christ hath freedom shown ;
Christ the Lord hath bought us
Ransomed for His own.
Keep us, loving Master,
In Thy service free ;
Faster, ever faster,
Bind our hearts to Thee.

Self, and hate, and passion,
Pleasure's passing play,
Passing like the fashion
Of this world away,
Now no more may hold us
Back from life and peace,
Heavenly arms enfold us
Jesus brings release.
Keep us, loving Master,
In Thy service free ;
Faster, ever faster,
Bind our hearts to Thee.

Deep our hearts are yearning,
Lord, Thy face to see :
Teach us heavenly learning,
Truth that makes us free.
Easy yoke of Jesus!
Burden light to bear !
Needs no rest to ease us,
Rest itself is there !
Keep us, loving Master,
In Thy service free :
Faster, ever faster,
Bind our hearts to Thee.

IX.

" Lighten our darkness."

DARK and lonesome lies the way
Pilgrim souls are wending,
Only Thou thy guiding ray,
Light of Light, art sending.

Only Thou dost rend apart
Clouds that gather round us,
Thou that our salvation art,
Light of Light, hast found us.

Rise within us, Star of day,
Through our dim hearts gleaming,
Mark the good and evil way,
Mark the true and seeming.

So when time and sorrow's load
 Quell our spirit's lightness,
 We can tread the darkling road
 Walking in Thy brightness.

So the pain that cometh last
 Bringeth no repining,
 Through death's shadows falling fast
 Thou, True Light, art shining !

X.

"And He went down with them, and came to
 Nazareth, and was subject unto them."—Luke ii. 51.

HOMEWARD meekly going
 See the wondrous Child,
 Due subjection showing
 To the home-rule mild !
 Subject to that mother,
 Lowly though she be,
 Earth has seen no other
 Dutiful as He !

Subject He remaineth,
 Joy, and toil, and care,
 All that home containeth,
 Tranquilly to share !
 Eyes of men ne'er saw thee,
 But the Spirit's breath
 Whispered blessing o'er thee,
 Home of Nazareth !

Show us, Lord, the beauty
That doth dwell in home,
Love, obedience, duty,
How from Thee they come,
Come from Thee to train us
Unto heavenly love,
Come to woo and gain us
For the Home above!

XI.

"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands
of love."—Hosea xi. 4.

WORD of God in flesh appearing,
Life Thou bring'st us from above;
What shall dull our ears from hearing,
What shall drown Thy voice of love?

Hearts to self and evil clinging,
Vainly, Lord, thou seek'st to move;
Sounds of earthly passion ringing
Drown for them Thy voice of love.

Father, Thou Thy children seekest,—
Why from Thee forgetful rove?
Homeward Thou Thy welcome speakest,—
Why refuse Thy voice of love?

Ah! no longer deaf, unheeding,
Homeless wanderers may we prove!
Let thy loving Spirit's pleading
Wake within us love for love!

Then rejoicing, hoping, fearing,
Lifting hearts to things above,
Nought shall dull our ears from hearing,
Nought shall drown Thy voice of love !

XII.

" Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things."—Romans xi. 36.

'Tis Thine, O God, this world so fair,
With all its wondrous store ;
Who seeks, in earth or sea or air
May find Thee more and more.
Oh ! would that we the voice could hear
In tree and flower and star,
That speaks at once Thy presence near
And Thy bright realm afar !

We too are Thine, Thy mighty hand
Hath shaped us from the dust,
That we before Thy throne should stand,
In childlike love and trust.
But we in wilful waywardness
Would live from Thee apart,
Nor prize the gifts Thy love doth bless,
Nor give to Thee our heart.

Yet are we Thine, for ever Thine,
The souls that Thou hast made ;
Thy light must through the darkness shine
That wraps the world in shade.

For Thou hast sent thy Holy One
At cost of grief and pain
To cause that all Thy will be done,
And all be Thine again.

O Father-heart, Eternal Love,
Abiding, while we roam,
Lord of all worlds, below, above,
Draw Thou Thy wanderers home,
Home from far lands of self and sin,
And every hostile thrall,
Until the blissful end come in,
And Thou be all in all !

XIII.

" Love worketh no ill to his neighbour : therefore
love is the fulfilling of the law."—Romans xiii. 10.

" Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with
thy might."—Eccles. ix. 10.

HEAVENLY Teacher, Spirit pure,
Lead us by Thy pathway sure
Into joy and peace secure,
Teach us Love and Duty.

Let not earthly gain or loss
To and fro our spirits toss,
Stand we steadfast by the Cross,
Live for Love and Duty.

Thousand works our hand may find,
Thousand thoughts may stir our mind,
One the work of all mankind,
Work for Love and Duty.

Sweet it is for home to toil,
Free from changes and turmoil,
Rooted in the kindly soil,
Calm in Love and Duty.

Sweet it is to follow Thee,
Jesus, where Thou bidd'st us be,
Then, when Thou shalt set us free,
Die in Love and Duty.

God above and man below
Serving, loving—thus we grow
Towards the bliss the angels know,
Heaven is Love and Duty.

XIV.

"Thy hands have made me and fashioned me;
give me understanding, that I may learn thy
commandments."—Psalm cxix. 73.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of
the Holy Ghost which is in you."—1 Cor. vi. 19.

MAKER of our mortal frame,
Thou who giv'st it growth and power,
Let not blight of sin and shame
Fall upon its opening flower,
May our youthful bodies be
Holy temples meet for Thee.

Touch our ears to hear and know
All that Thy loved voice would teach,
Open Thou our lips to show
Thee the Fount of human speech,
Words of truth and works of love,
These the Father's children prove.

Help us do with all our might,
Eye and ear and tongue and hand,
All that holy is and right,
All that owns Thy just command;
Stay our feet from wandering
Into ways that sorrow bring.

Thine let all our members be,
Thine the thoughts that stir our heart,
Consecrated unto Thee
Whatsoever in us hath part;
Unto Thee one sacrifice,
Body, soul, and spirit rise!

XV.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccles. xii. 1.

SEEMS it, the hour is early yet,
Life's morn is scarce begun?
But eve will come, the sun will set,
And here our course be run.

Then cast we off delay
And every hindrance flee
That stops us on our way,
O Father, home to Thee.

Oh blissful work, and easy now,
Ere time begin to wear,
'Neath Thy loved yoke our neck to bow,
And Thy light burden bear.
Then cast we off delay
And every hindrance flee
That stops us on our way,
O Saviour, home with Thee.

Our promised help abideth still,
The precious heaven-sent Gift,
With light divine our eyes to fill,
Our downward hearts to lift.
Then cast we off delay
And every hindrance flee
That stops us on our way,
O Spirit, led by Thee!

Oh not for fleeting years of earth
Our spirits live and move :
Earth's toils, and rest, and tears, and mirth
Forecast the life above.
Then cast we off delay
And every hindrance flee
That stops us on our way,
O God, to heaven and Thee.

XVI.

"But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it?"
Deut. xxx. 14. Rom. x. 8.

"For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."—Psalm cxix. 89.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."—John i. 14.

THOU, O Lord, art seeking
All Thy wandering sheep,
Thou Thy word art speaking
In our conscience deep.

Thou Thy word art showing
Writ in nature's book,
Writ in letters glowing,
Wheresoe'er we look.

Clear it shines and brightly
While the sun is high;
Gleam its pages nightly
From the starlit sky.

Yet with richer glory
Radiant from above
Shines the sacred story,
Record of Thy love,

How with man Thou dealedst
Till the times were rife,
Then Thy Son revealedst
Word of Light and Life,

Word of Love, to lure us
Home from shame and sin,
Of our plagues to cure us,
Heaven for us to win.

Lord, to freedom win us,
Let our hearts unbound
Hear the word within us,
See the word around,

Read the precious writing
Which Thy dealings fill,
In Thy word delighting,
Learn to do Thy will.

XVII.

(Hymn of the Seasons.)

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."—Gen. viii. 22.

"Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."—Acts xiv. 17.

LORD, what joys awaken unto glad new birth
When Thy hand Thou openest o'er the opening
year!

Birds and buds and blossoms, nature's note of
mirth,
Sights and sounds of sweetness to Thy children
dear!
Oft as earth rejoices in the gladsome Spring,
We with hearts and voices unto Thee will sing.

When the Summer sunshine, when the gracious
showers
Clothe with grass the mountains, robe the woods
in green,
Nurse the tender corn-blade, fill earth's lap with
flowers,
Lord, we see Thy Beauty through the leafy
screen:
While Thy gifts are growing 'neath the genial ray,
We with spirits glowing thanks to Thee will pay.

Comes the ripening Autumn;—where the toiling
plough
Pierced the bare earth's bosom, shine the golden
sheaves;
Hang the wished-for clusters from the bending
bough,
Red and yellow treasures 'mid the changing
leaves.
Thine the fruits we gather, Thine the bounteous
field,
Praises to our Father grateful hearts shall yield.

Comes the hoary Winter, nature's hour of sleep ;
 Warm the kind earth's nurselings rest beneath
 the snow ;
 'Mid the storm-winds driving, under skies that
 weep,
 Warm our hearts shall praise Thee, as in summer glow ;
 In the mist dark-wreathing, in the frost and cold,
 Still Thy love is breathing, still Thine arms enfold.

Oh! by all earth's changes, seasons bright and
 drear,
 Ripen Thou' our spirits unto heavenly fruit :
 So shall all the children of the world-long year,
 Changeless and eternal,—Love their ground and
 root,—
 Times no more dividing after or before,
 In Thy life abiding bloom for evermore.

XVIII.

"For here we have no continuing city, but we
 seek one to come."—Hebrews xiii. 14.

LORD, I ask no peace abiding
 Through the years of earthly life ;
 Round me while Thy foes are hiding,
 Let me share Thy glorious strife ;

Striving still in faith and meekness,
Thou wilt not abandon me :
When I faint and feel my weakness,
Thou my Strength and Stay wilt be.

Here I seek not ease nor slumber,
Nor in waking-dream to stand ;
Let no weight my feet encumber
Travelling to my Fatherland.
Lost in many a maze and turning,
When my road I cannot see,
When my light is dimly burning,
Thou, O Lord, my Guide wilt be.

Here I ask no fond affection,
Safe from fear of pain or loss ;
Through the hours of lone dejection,
Let me learn to bear the cross.
If from thrall of earthly pleasure
Thou by pain shalt set me free,
Stripped of all but heavenly treasure,
Thou my great Reward wilt be.

Here I seek no long remaining,
Fixed abode or changeless days ;
Thou my pilgrim soul art training
Thee to find in hidden ways.
If the scenes of life be changing,
If repose my footsteps flee,
Widely though my fears be ranging,
Thou my Rest and Home wilt be.

XIX.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."
—Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."—John vii. 37.

HARK! hark! what voice is calling,
Like music gently falling?
Thine, Lord, the gracious voice is,
Whereat my heart rejoices.

"Thirst ye for heavenly pleasure?

"Seek ye for heavenly treasure?

"Come, ere the shadows lengthen,

"Your weakness I will strengthen,

"Come unto Me."

"Wait not the dark to-morrow,

"Wait not the hour of sorrow,

"Wait not till life be weary,

"Wait not till earth be dreary,

"Wait not till strength be dwindled,

"Wait not till woe be kindled,

"Learn not the woe of sinning,

"Fresh now in life's beginning,

"Come unto Me."

(A Hymn of Praise and Prayer for our Country.)

"He hath blessed thy children within thee.
He hath not dealt so with any nation.—Ps. cxlvii.
13, 20.

THANKS for our country, Lord, we give,
Thanks for the land wherein we live,
Rich with Thy blessings manifold,
Inward and outward, new and old.

Encircled by Thine own blue sea,
Secure Thou makest us to be ;
No strange oppressor's staff or rod
Stains with its touch our English sod.

For treasures hid beneath the soil,
For varied paths of manful toil,
For homes of health and temperate sky,
For order, and sweet liberty,

We thank Thee, Lord ; but most, for light
Of Thine own Gospel and the right
Of every humblest child to know
From whence the Living Waters flow.

Oh ! may our England's heart-desires
Rise lofty as her heavenward spires ;
Keep her enlightened, strong and free,
A witness to all lands for Thee !

True and brave children make us grow
Of this our mother-land below :
Then graft us on the eternal stem,
The heavenly Jerusalem !

XXI.

(A Hymn of Hope and Love for all Nations.)

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men."—Acts xvii. 26.

"All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord : and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee."—Ps. xxii. 27.

"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.

"For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus ;

"Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."—1 Tim. ii. 4, 5, 6.

O LOVE Divine, we cannot trace
Thy deep mysterious plan,
Thy thoughts of good to all our race
In One, the Son of Man.

Earth's highest wisdom, keen and bright,
May ponder all it can,
But cannot reach the source of light
Hid in the Son of Man.

Yet hast Thou taught our sires of old
E'er since the world began,
And sin and sorrow have foretold
A coming Son of Man.

Earth's many kingdoms rise and fall,
Their life is but a span ;
One death of sin awaits them all,
One Life, the Son of Man.

Father and Lover of mankind,
Thy ways we may not scan,
One only Hope for all we find,
Thy Son, the Son of Man.

Thou, who wast God before the stars
Their shining courses ran,
Yet showest to tearful eyes Thy scars
As suffering Son of Man,

Waft o'er each cold and selfish mood—
Faith's waning flame to fan—
A breath of human brotherhood
From Thee, O Son of Man.

Let not our love or hope be bound
To region, time, or clan,
But reach wherever man is found,
In Thee, O Son of Man.

Yet shall earth's strifes and tears and blood
Unfold Love's mighty plan,
And every evil turn to good
In Thee, O Son of Man.

XXII.

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning
and evening to praise thee."—Psalm lxxv. 8.

"Thy righteousness standeth like the strong
mountains: thy judgments are like the great deep."
Psalm xxxvi. 6.

SOFTLY the dawn o'er hill and plain
Wakening the sleepful world again
To life, and joy, and care, and pain,
Comes beaming, Lord, from Thee;

So may Thy wakening Spirit's ray
Lighten the dimness of our way
Through earthly change, till perfect day
Reveal the Home with Thee.

Gentle the night's embraces are,
When mountain-winds have ceased to war,
And from the sleeping lake each star
Shines back again to Thee;

So may our souls shine calm at eve,
 When we our ways and work must leave,
 And yield the brightness they receive,
 Star-like, again to Thee !

Firm stand the hills on earth's green breast,
 Pointing to heaven their snowy crest ;
 So may our spirits firmly rest
 And upward rise to Thee.

Deep roll the ocean's waves of blue ;
 Deeper Thy counsels, kind and true ;
 We cannot know,—but ne'er shall rue
 The heart that trusts in Thee !

XXIII.

(A Prayer for Guidance through Life and Death.)

"My times are in thy hand."—Psalm xxxi. 15.

"He will be our guide unto death."—Psalm
 xlviii. 14.

DARK lies before us, hid from mortal view,
 Life here below ;
 Life brief or lengthened, many years or few ?
 Thou, Lord, dost know !
 Thine Hand has drawn us from our mother's womb,
 Thine Eye beholds our cradle and our tomb.

Guide Thou our feet along the unseen path
Where we must tread :
Safe fares the traveller who Thy Presence hath,
Through hope and dread,
Through sweet and bitter hours, through sun and
storm,
One still the Presence, changeful tho' the Form.

First, loving Spirit, with Thine influence pure
Fill Thou our home :
Where Thou hast shed the gifts that aye endure,
No harm shall come :
Where dwell united hearts, affections high,
There Thy bright angels love to linger nigh.

Train Thou our growing life ; through home and
school,
Through work and play,
Through word and deed, our eager spirits rule,
While shines the day ;
Sweet sleep with conscience clear and visions bright
Pour o'er Thy loved ones through the restful night.

See'st Thou before us manhood's sadder years,
Where sorrows hide ?
Ah ! now to Thee, to Thee our hopes and fears,
Lord, we confide ;
Thy love that gave us life shall give release,
Thy changeless Love shall lead us forth with peace.



XXIV.

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. vi. 12.

BRETHREN, hark ! Christ's sovereign word
Bids His soldiers swift draw sword,
Sword that rest ne'er must know
While the wild war-waves flow
Raging high 'gainst earth's true Lord.

Not for nought we wage hard strife,
On the conflict hangs dear life :
Lo ! in front stand strong foes,
And where'er our host goes
Dangers round our path throng rife.

Strive for Love 'gainst Hate's dread force,
'Gainst the Lie that makes ill worse
Strive with true heart and tongue :
So the years fresh and young
Shall for age breed no remorse.

Thoughts and words unkind, unclean,
Wrongful dealing, proud or mean,
Fleshly lust, earth-born care,
Open onset, dark snare,
Powers of ill from worlds unseen,—

Such our foes in Faith's good fight :—
Who can stay from fear or flight ?
O our God, in Thy strength
May we conquer at length,
And through darkness reach Thy light.

XXV.*

"All live unto Him."—Luke xx. 38.

How speak the loved and lost,
They whom the angel-host—
Life's billows quickly crossed—
Welcomed to shore?
Through many a pang and tear
Faith listening still may hear
Soft tones of voices dear,—
"We weep no more."

"Soon closed our earthly course,
"Soon to their heavenly Source
"Love's own resistless force
"Our spirits bore.
"Filled now with joy and grace,
"Safe in the children's place,
"Where shines the Father's face,
"We weep no more."

"Long suffered some, and some
"Taken from ill to come
"Swift to our heavenly home
"Passed on before:

* In memory of a great mortality among children
in Wigston, in the last half of the year 1875.

" Now all together stand
" Christ's early gathered band ;
" Here in the blessed land
" We weep no more."

Love is not passing breath,
Love lives to conquer death :
Love's losses here beneath
Heaven shall restore.
Only, through earthly ill,
Meekly may we fulfil,
Father, Thy righteous will,
Then, weep no more.

XXVI.

" With Thee is the well of life."—Psalm xxxvi. 9.

WELL of life exhaustless flowing,
Let Thy wave
Cleansing lave
All our life up-growing.

Well of truth and loving-kindness,
Inly rise,
Purge our eyes,
Purge away our blindness.

Well of courage for the fearful
Help us fight
Strong for right,
Soldiers firm and cheerful.

Well of comfort for the weary,
Still refresh
Heart and flesh
When our day is dreary.

Well of peace and heavenly gladness,
When at last
Strife is past,
Overflow our sadness.

Well of joy and restoration,
Ere we sink
Make us drink
Water of salvation.

Well of all our life's perfection,
Pour thy wave
O'er our grave,—
Fount of Resurrection !

Source of heaven's eternal river,
Life with Thee
Full and free
Grant at last, Life-giver !



XXVII.

(A Hymn of family love.)

"He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers."—Malachi iv. 6.

How sweet to draw together when eventide is
come
And the parents and the children, loved and
loving, gladden home!
But sweeter far the union and the peace beyond
compare
Of the Father's house in heaven and the many
mansions there.

Our home's familiar converse, face to face and eye
to eye,
Where heart with heart is mingling in the love that
cannot die,
Kind words and deeds unselfish,—oh! may not
these prepare
For the Father's house in heaven and the many
mansions there?

In love parental, filial, of brother, sister, friend,
Faint gleams the dawning brightness of the day
that hath no end,

And lowly homes of earth may learn the secrets
unaware
Of the Father's house in heaven and the many
mansions there.

O love-diffusing Spirit—of Father and of Son—
Blend Thou the hearts of fathers and children into
one,
One heart of childhood waiting in faith and hope
and prayer
For the Father's house in heaven and the many
mansions there.

And when we feel in sorrow Thy Love's consuming
fire,
Uplift our chastened spirits on wings of pure
desire,
Beyond the tears and partings, beyond the toil and
care,
To the Father's house in heaven and the many
mansions there.

XXVIII.

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold
wondrous things out of thy law."—Psalm cxix. 18.

OPEN our eyes to see
Thy Presence, Lord, around ;
How all the heaven is full of Thee
And earth is holy ground.

Open our ears to hear
The still small voice within
That gently whispers, Thou art near,
And warns away from sin.

Open our minds to learn
The wisdom Thou dost teach
To souls that darkness hate, and yearn
Thy perfect light to reach.

Open our hearts to hold
Streams from the tideless flood
Of the deep Love Thy Christ has told
And witnessed with His blood.

Open our hands to give
Freely as Thou hast given,
Nor with self-seeking grasp to strive
Even for the bliss of heaven.

Open be eye, ear, mind,
Open be heart and will,
That Thou mayst all things ready find,
And with Thy fulness fill.

XXIX.

"O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall
all flesh come."—Psalm lxx. 2.

LORD, what various voices blending
Float beneath Thy mercy-throne!
Hymns of joyous praise ascending,
Sorrow's mournful undertone,

Songs of gladness, sighs of sadness,
Thou canst hear, and Thou alone !

When with chants in chorus youthful
We thine earthly temple throng,
Simple thoughts and spirits truthful
Mayst Thou hear in all our song !
Hear the praises childhood raises,
Childlike hearts to Thee belong.

When our life's fleet course has hasted
On through many a changeful year,
Should we over blessings wasted
Silent muse in grief and fear,
Prayer unspoken, sorrow-broken,
Pitying Saviour, Thou wilt hear !

When the race that now is starting
Meets the close we cannot flee,
And the spirit hence departing
Finds no voice nor utterance free—
Thou wilt hear it, calm and cheer it,
Groans unuttered speak to Thee !

Jesu, when from sleep we waken,
Other voices may we find,
When to Thy loved Presence taken
We discover all Thy mind,—
Triumph glorious, Love victorious
O'er the woe of human kind.

XXX.

"When ye pray, say, Our Father."—Luke xi. 2.

'OUR Father,'—who for such a name
Sufficient thanks can render,
So true and evermore the same,
So pitiful, so tender?

Our God, Creator, Sovereign Lord,
Adoring we confess Thee,
But 'Father' is the gladdest word
Wherewith Thy children bless Thee.

Oh blind and loveless children! still
We feel Thy Love's embraces,
Even as Thy beauteous sunbeams fill
Earth's coldest darkest places.

As now Thou giv'st us happy time
With spirits light and joyous,
In health and strength of early prime,
Nor grief nor care annoy us,

So in the years of trial keen,
Of manhood's calm endurance,
We on Thy Fatherhood will lean
In peace and glad assurance.

O Father, teach and train us now,
Whate'er our life's condition,
Beneath Thy loving will to bow
In childlike meek submission,

Till we in strength and wisdom grow
To work the work Thou givest,
And learn at last Thy Love to know,
And live the life Thou livest.

And if at times Thou chasten sore,
We will not doubt, but rather
Remember all Thy Love before,
And cling to Thee, O Father.

XXXI.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."—Luke ix. 23.

O SAVIOUR, is it Thine own word,
He who would truly My disciple be
Must daily take the Cross and follow Me?
Have we Thy true voice rightly heard?
Yes, we have rightly heard—but how obey?
How shall we find in earthly pain or loss
A likeness unto Thy most glorious Cross,
And bear it meekly day by day?

Shew us Thy Cross in every task
Our Father has allotted to us here,
Whereof the burden oft may seem severe,
So that we fain would respite ask.
May we the path of labour patient walk
Remembering Thee, how in the hot noontide
Thou satest way-worn by the fountain-side
With the sin-laden one to talk.

Shew us Thy Cross in every grief
 Our Father mingles with the cup we drink,
 When from the bitter draught we fearful shrink
 And vainly round us seek relief,
 That we may ponder how in conflict lone
 Thou agonising for Thyself didst pray
 The dreaded cup of pain might pass away,
 Yet that Thy Father's will be done.

So, when we needs must travail sore,
 Or bear the pain we would not freely choose,
 Or dearest and most precious things must lose,
 Lose, to behold on earth no more,
 Thee in Thy hour of suffering may we see
 Going before us strong in faith and prayer,
 Until we learn Thy holy calm to share
 As true Cross-bearers after Thee.

XXXII.

(A Hymn for the Morning of Life.)

"Rejoice in the Lord."—Philippians iii. 1.

As travellers fresh in heart and hope
 Set forth at break of day,
 While all the East with beams aslope
 Sheds sunshine on their way,
 So with glad hearts and sinless mirth
 May we our march begin
 Through this strange country of our birth
 Our spirits' home to win.

God is our mortal being's Source,
He called us into light,
He bids the outset of our course
Gladsome to be and bright.
And ever dancing at our side
His joyous breezes blow,
And o'er us soft as morning-tide
His heaven with love doth glow.

If as we farther journey forth
Some brightness turn to shade,
If chilled by breathings of the North
Joy's blossom soon must fade,
If in the noon of life we feel
The burden and the heat,
O Father, then Thyself reveal,
Our Strength and our Retreat.

And when our sunset hour is come
Let us Thy bidding hear
Nor loss of love nor loss of home
Nor endless night to fear,
But through the darkness round us drawn
Look on beyond the West,
And lo! another East shall dawn,
More beautiful, more blest!



XXXIII.

(A hymn of thanksgiving for God's unchangeableness.)

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day,
and for ever."—Hebrews xiii. 8.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and
the end, the first and the last."—Rev. xxii. 13.

O THOU, whose power and love
All things did frame,
In Thee we live and move
Thou art the Same.
Changeful may be our lot,
Thy mercy changeth not,
Ne'er shall we be forgot,
Thou art the Same.
Earth's years will soon be past,
Gone as they came,
Thou art the First and Last,
Always the Same!

Kindling in joyous hearts
Love's altar-flame
Thy Love Itself imparts,
Thou art the Same!
Thou givest sunny hours,
Thou wakest sleeping powers,
Thou strewest life with flowers,
Thou art the Same!

Earth's joys will soon be past,
Gone as they came,
Thou art the First and Last,
Always the Same !

When sinful hearts must know
Sorrow and shame,
Thine are the tears that flow,
Thou art the Same !
Thou all art ordering,
Joy out of grief to spring,
Good out of every-thing,
Thou art the Same !
Earth's tears will soon be past,
Gone as they came,
Thou art the First and Last,
Always the Same !

Widely our thoughts may range,
Thou art the Same !
Lightly our wills may change,
Thou art the Same !
Through all our hopes and fears,
Through all our joys and tears,
Through all our fleeting years,
Thou art the Same !
Love's life will ne'er be past,
From Thee it came,
Thou art the First and Last,
Always the Same !

XXXIV.

(A Hymn of Prayer for Divine Teaching.)

"Shew me thy ways, O Lord: and teach me thy paths."—Psalm xxv. 3.

Love Eternal, who dost witness
In our hearts that we are Thine,
Conscious all of our unfitness
To behold Thy face Divine,
Love Eternal, who dost will us
Ever with Thyself to be,
With Thy heavenly wisdom fill us,
Train us for the life with Thee!

By Thy Spirit, oft inviting
Now to choose the better part,
Inly Thy commandments writing
On the tables of the heart,
By Thy outspread world of beauty
Where the opened eye may see
Parables of love and duty,
Train us for the life with Thee!

By the fortunes that befall us,
By the work that must be wrought,
By the dangers that appal us,
By each calm and trustful thought,

By our brethren's varied story,
 Wise and foolish, bond and free,
 Human lives of shame or glory,
 Train us for the life with Thee !

By Thy saints in every nation,
 Prophets since the world began,
 By Thy last Self-revelation
 In Thy Son, the Son of Man,
 By the fruits His Cross can bring us,
 Contrite heart and bended knee,
 Joys that raise and pangs that sting us,
 Train us for the life with Thee !

XXXV.

(A Hymn for a Starry Night.)

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"—Psalm viii. 3. 4.

"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"—Job xxxviii. 7.

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."—Rev. xxii. 16.

THE starry heavens serenely glow,
 But through this lower air
 Where mortals dwell, how oft doth blow
 The night-wind of despair !

Oh ! silent Music of the skies
Oh ! Order never lost,
Mock ye the sad discordant cries
Of spirits tempest-tost ?

Ah ! no, there sounds from every star
A song that ne'er shall cease
High o'er earth's elemental war,
A song of inmost peace.

There dwells in yon unnumbered host
That shine so calm and bright
From uttermost to uttermost
Of heaven's blue depth and height,

Deeper and wider Law and Love
Than human strife and sin,
A beacon from the world above
To light the world within.

Guided by Law and Love Divine
Their ceaseless flight they take,
Why doth this wayward heart of mine
That Law and Love forsake ?

O Word Eternal, Light of Light,
Thine are these orbs of fire,
Thy signs of day beyond the night
For hope and pure desire.

While in Thy heaven's full scroll from far
We read Thy counsels high,
Thou risest, Bright and Morning Star,*
To witness, Day is nigh !

• Revelation xxii. 16.



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